

Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1846.

Number 45.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discountance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SOMEBODY IN MY BED"

BY H. J. JONES.

Some famous writer, whose name has slipped my memory, once asserted that he never opened a book or newspaper but what he learned something. As an offset to this, I can safely assert that I never listened to the 'bar-room yarns' of any company, however unimportant an appearance it wore, without gaining a new idea, and occasionally one worth circulation.

A week or two ago, during my peregrinations through Northern Pennsylvania, spreading knowledge among the denizens thereof, (I sell books!) I just dropt in' at a comfortable inn, where I concluded to remain for a day or two. After a good substantial supper, I lit a 'York County Prince,' (the like which sell in these regions at the rate of four for penny) and seated myself around the bar-room stove. There was the brawny butcher, the effeminate tailor, a Yankee fiddler, two horse dealers, a speculator, a blackleg, the village Esculapian, and 'the Captain' who in consequence of being able to live on his means, was a person of no small importance, and therefore allowed to sit before the fire-stove with a poker to stir the fire—a mark of respect granted only to persons of standing.

Yarn after yarn had been spun and the hour for retiring had arrived—the landlord was dosing behind his bar,—the spirit of the conversation was beginning to flag, when the doctor whispered to me that if I would pay attention, he would 'top off' with a good one.

'I believe, Captain,' said the Doctor, that I never told you about my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures?'

'No, let's have it,' replied the individual addressed, who was a short, flabby, fat man of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very red face.

'At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded at a house in which there were no females, but the landlady and an old colored cook—'

(Here the doctor made a slight pause; & the Captain by way of requiring him to go on, said 'Well?')

'I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labors of deep study, and dispel the xxvii to which I was subjected—'

'Well,' said the Captain, 'But as I feared that forming acquaintances among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all—'

'One evening after listening to a long lecture on Physical Anatomy, and after dissection a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings—'

'Well,' said the Captain, 'I went into the hall, took a large lamp, and went directly to my room it being then about one o'clock—'

'Well!'

'I placed the light upon the table, and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock, and quantity of petticoats lying on a chair near the bed—'

'Well!' said the captain, who began to show signs that he was getting deeply interested. 'And a pair of beautiful shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire—but then I thought as it was my room, I had at least a right to know who was in my bed—'

'Exactly' nodded the Captain, 'well!'

'So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens! what a sight! A young girl—I should say an angel, of about 18, was there asleep—'

'Well!' said the Captain, giving his chair a hitch.

'As I gazed upon her, I thought that I had never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little night-cap, revealing the snow in whiteness, being a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster—'

'Well!' said the excited Captain, giving his chair another hitch.

'Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid—'

'Well!' said the captain, throwing his right leg over his left.

'And softly pulled it down—'

'Well!' said the Captain, betraying the utmost excitement.

'To her waist—'

'Well!' said the Captain, dropping the paper and renewing the position of his legs.

'She had on a night dress, buttoned up before, but softly I opened the two first buttons—'

'Well!' said the Captain, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement.

'And then ye Gods! what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—psaw! words fail! Just then—'

'HELL!' said the Captain hitching his chair right and left, and squinting his tobacco juice against the stove that it fairly fizzed again.

'I thought that I was taking a mean advantage of her, so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots and went and slept in another room—'

'It's a lie!' shouted the excited Captain jumping up and kicking over the chair—'

'It's a lie! I'll bet you fifty dollars that you got into the bed!'—Harrisburg, Pa. December, 7th.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

You may find my text somewhere in these words:

Slayer or slain, it matters not. We struggle—perish—are forgot! The earth grows great above the gone, and the calm heaven looks sternly on my hearers, I don't see what we have to brag or feel proud of. We are nothing but detached masses of common clay, possessing powers of locomotion, and imbued with thought and feeling—savagery of humanity—rolling down the hill; with increasing velocity, into the dark vale of death! Coming generations—approaching in mighty throngs, with low, muffled thunder and a perfect rush, like flocks of sheep or herds of buffaloes—are crowding and tumbling as they scours over the fearful precipice. Down we go, boys with all our greatness and boasted honors! and the passing ploughman, as he guides his share in after time among our ashes, will not pause to consider whether the 'heap that wren a king' will grow any better potatoes than the mortal refuse of a poor penniless fool.

Then my friends, of what have we to feel so almighty proud? Of a fine, noble appearance?—as well might a horse or a jekass. Of elegant apparel?—so may a leopard or a peacock. Of riches?—they are ours but for a day: old Ocean hath them forever, and yet behave just as he would without them. Of reason, intellect, and understanding?—they are the gifts of God, and we ought to feel ashamed of ourselves that we make no better use of them. Of superiority over all other beings? Get out! the lion licked the unicorn in a fair fight, and then went about his business as though nothing of the kind had happened. Had one of us accomplished such a victory, we should have thrust our hands into our breeches pockets—thrown back the head—put forward the breast and bel-

ly—given a stride that would have reached half way to Oregon—straddled pyramids—puffed out the cheeks, and let off steam, gas, and wind enough for forty steamboats, as many balloons, and an extensive windmill. The matter is, we have really nothing to be proud of, but truth, honesty, and justice, and these articles are so very scarce that not one in a thousand can adjust his cravat, jerk his coat collar, and pull down his vest with a noble consciousness of having it in his possession.

My friends—as says the text we struggle. We struggle with circumstances—struggle to get married; and then [too frequently!] like a couple of wrestlers help to get each other down—struggle with the devil through life—and, at last, have a desperate struggle with Death. Foolish beings! We take time by the coat tail, pull back with the might of a maggot, and imagine we can hold him in his impetuous career. We strip Pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, busie and all—rob her of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguished the torch that hope holds in her hand, and follow lightning bugs into a mad puddle! By superlative folly, you frighten Happiness from your fire sides, and then say that she has left your bed and board without cause or provocation! Thus man makes hills to tire himself with in climbing—produces darkness to grumble about—creates corns to swear at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them!

We perish, and a monument perchance, more enduring than human flesh marks the spot where he rests; but, that too, falls like all things earthly—and then we are forgotten. Whether slayer or slain, lord or loafer, there we lie! and the children of future generations will pinch pennies, or shoot marbles upon our graves, as unconsciously as church mice make their nests with the leave of prayer books and bibles. The earth will still grow green above us, and pulsate variety of flower, weeds, and loaded stalks; the sky will look down as serenely as ever, and the world will wag on as usual. So goes man—vain, conceited, pompous Man—a mere toy and plaything of Time—into the unathomed depths of Eternity!

From the Mother's Magazine.

STORY OF A SISTER'S LOVE.

A few days ago I was at the State Prison at Sing Sing where I heard the facts I am about to relate. They furnish as touching an instance of devotion as I have lately met and they show us that in the humblest walks, even in the atmosphere of vice and crime, there may flourish some of the purest passion that ought to win our charities and make us respect the poor.

A young man in Nova Scotia came to the city of New York and fell among thieves.—He became the companion of criminals himself.—Certainly he was arrested on a charge of crime, was tried, convicted, and sent to prison at Sing Sing.

His sister in Nova Scotia heard of the fate of her brother, and resolved to secure his deliverance from prison. She was only a servant girl and her scanty purse was barely sufficient to defray her expenses through the long journey to the city. When she reached New York, she learned the only way to get her brother out of prison was by pardon from the Governor of the State, and he was at Albany. She had no means to employ counsel to aid her in making the application, nor even the little that was necessary to pay her own way to the feet of the Governor. She went to service in the city and worked faithfully till she had earned money enough to defray her expenses to Albany, and was soon there, a stranger, a young unprotected woman, with no other recommendation than that of having a brother in the State Prison. She inquired the way to the house of the Governor, obtained an audience, and then with all the eloquence of love so heated up in her own bosom, she made known her request. The Governor said he must have some reason for granting the pardon or he could not interfere.

'But my brother is an innocent man, said the girl, who had never for a moment indulged the thought that he could have been guilty of crime. The Gov-

ernor wanted something more than her word for it and giving her the small comfort of words of sympathy and kindness, sent her away to devise ways and means to prove the innocence of her imprisoned brother.

She returned to New York, and finding a place, again resumed her domestic service, and indefatigably labored, as time and opportunity allowed what was now the great end of her life. And what will not perseverance and love achieve? Hopeless as the attempt might appear she found the men who composed the jury that convicted her brother, and obtained the names of every one of them to a petition setting forth mitigating circumstances in his case, and asking the interposition of executive clemency in his behalf. With this petition she devoted sister hurried to Albany; and full of hope, she presented it to the Governor. He was moved by the intensity of her purpose, and the ardent strength of her affection. But he still hesitated.

'Why,' said she you must pardon my brother. I shall never leave you until you do, I shall stay just here and pray forever, and if you wish me to go away you must pardon him, and I will bless you, and God will bless you the longest day you live. Her prayers and tears so far prevailed as to extort a promise that he would make immediate inquiries into the case, and if they were satisfactory he would transmit the pardon by a certain day which he named, through the mail, to the prison, at Sing Sing.

Once more the noble hearted girl returns to work, and wait for the slow week to wear away. But they flew faster when she thought that the time of her brother's liberty drew near. This was to be the reward of her toil and suffering.

On the very day which the Governor had named; the constant sister maker appearance at the door of the prison at Sing Sing and informs the keeper that she had come for her brother when that day was to be pardoned by the Governor. She was told that no pardon had been received. Her heart sank within her. Was she after all to be disappointed? But the Governor said he would send it by the post, and would be here to day. He will keep his promise I know he will. The keeper was struck with her appearance and deeply interested in her manner. He told her to come in and he would send it the post office. While the messenger was gone she walked the room in great agitation, trembling between hope and fear and when the word was brought that there was no pardon she protested that it would come, and she could not leave the prison until it did. The kind hearted keeper took her to his house and permitted her to stay there waiting the arrival of the Governor's letter. The next day it came—the pardon came—and she embraced her brother FREE and freed by his sister's sacrifice and love.

The pardon was accompanied by a letter from the Governor to the prisoner, urging him in strong and impressive language to conduct himself hereafter in a manner worthy of the noble sister of whom he had reason to be proud, and whose self denying and persevering efforts he was indebted for his liberty. The brother and sister rejoicing in their reunion and the boon of freedom so joyfully won, took their way from the prison house and are doubtless now in some retirement earning an honest livelihood.

I dwell with peculiar interest upon this instance of sisterly attachment. It teaches me not to look only at the refined and elevated circles of humanity, for examples of pure and constant love. It tells me the poor and neglected heart, and that they are as keenly alive to pleasure and pain as those in the more highly favoured walks of life.

TEXAS.

The Kentucky Legislature has passed a law, levying a tax of two dollars each on revolving pistols, duelling pistols, bow-knives and Arkansas tooth-picks.

The Legislature of Tennessee has repealed the law of 1837, which prohibited the retail traffic in liquor, and supplanted it by an act which authorizes any person to retail who will pay a specified tax.

The Bribery Case.

Lehigh County Bank Corruption Investigation.

FEBRUARY 16, 1846.

The Committee of Investigation met and organized in the East Committee room of the Capital. Present Messrs. Knox, Galoway, Gwin, Trego, and Nicholson.

On motion of Mr. Trego, the Committee adjourned to the supreme Court room, where it was again organized.

Mr. Speaker Patterson was called upon and presented a package of money, sealed. Henry Buehler, sworn—Saw the package this morning in Mr. Piollet's room.

Mr. McCook then rose and inquired if the committee were then going to investigate his case, and answered in the affirmative. Mr. M'C. then asked if the investigation was to be *ex parte*. Mr. Knox replied that the committee were anxious that justice should be done to all parties. Mr. M'C. then asked that the committee would demand for a short time until his counsel arrived, which was granted. Mr. M'C. also proposed to give an affidavit of the whole transaction but receiving no intimation from the committee did not present it. Mr. M'COR MICK appearing as counsel for the accused the proceedings were then held.

Mr. Buehler resumed—Was sent for about 9 A. M. Col. Piollet wanted to see him in his room; went there and found him laboring under great excitement; he opened a drawer in his bureau, in which lay a large pile of notes, and asked me to count the money; I proceeded to count it at his request and while counting it, he said he had been insulted by an offer of it for the purpose of influencing his action as a member of the Committee on Banks; counted the money and made it \$400; he desired me to seal it up, and I did so, and endorsed it, this is the package as sealed by me; the seal has not been broken; there are two quarter eagles in gold—the rest is in bank notes upon various banks; have not a distinct recollection of all the notes—believe it was mostly of Plainfield money; this occurred about 20 minutes past, 9 A. M. Mr. Piollet stated that his friends, Messrs. Laporte and Burrell, had gone to the House, and he wanted to have them see it, he was very much excited, and at times regretted that he had not avenged himself for the insult, but he had acted by the advice of his friends.

Victor E. Piollet, sworn.—Is a member of the committee on Banks of the House of Representatives. The committee consists of seven members. At our first or second meeting Dr. Samuels presented for the action of the Committee a memorial and papers containing charges against the Lehigh County Bank the charges were taken up and acted upon, and witnesses to the number of four were subpoenaed, by permission of the House, and it was made the special order for to-day.

I was casually introduced to Mr. McCook on Thursday or Friday last, in Mr. Buehler's bar room, on Saturday, as I left the bar-room to go to my room, Mr. McCook followed me saying that he wished to speak with me. I opened the door and told him to walk in, Mr. M'C. said that there was an investigation going on before the Committee on Banks, of certain charges against the Lehigh Bank, and that it was upon that subject that he wished to speak to me.

He exhibited me a paper upon which there was a written statement of the number of New York Stars published by Moses Y. Beach, and of two other papers published by said Beach.—The number of weekly circulating was about equal to 300,000. That Mr. Beach had engaged in the Texas annexation affair—that he was one of our strongest political friends. He stated further that Mr. B. had been offered two separate appointments as Consul, by the President, but had declined them on account of his extensive business engagements. He stated that Mr. B. was interested in two Banks in Ohio, I think in his (Mr. M'C's) neighborhood; the Lehigh County Bank at Allentown, the Plainfield Bank, N. J. and a Bank in New Hampshire. That he McCook was also interested with Mr. B. in these Banks. That a very general interest had been manifested by several political

friends in the investigation of the Lehigh County Bank. He mentioned that Mr. B. had once assisted Ohio in paying her interest and had always been his intimate and confidential friend. I mentioned to Mr. M'C. that the charges against the Lehigh County Bank were of a grave and serious nature. That besides the petitions there were statements from Jacob Dillinger and others of the best men in Lehigh county. That the investigation would be a fair one and that if the friends of the Bank could meet the charges there was no disposition to prejudice the case on the part of any member of the committee so far as I knew. He stated that Dr. Samuels was prejudiced against the Bank and that the opposition of Mr. Derlinger and others was not of a kind that ought to be considered. I told him that the prejudice of Dr. S. would not influence others of the committee that they would to injustice, nor would they improperly expose any of the books and papers of the Bank. I endeavored in what I said on this interview to convince Mr. M'C. that there was a perfectly fair disposition towards the Bank. He said that it was not the policy of our party to war with the Banks, that it had injured our party in Ohio, and our friends in Washington were afraid it would injure us in Pennsylvania. I told him that so far as I knew the sentiments of the committee on Banks, there was no disposition to wage a war on Banks. He referred to the Lehigh County Bank again and I assured him the Bank had nothing to fear if the charges were groundless. Conversation of a general nature ensued and Mr. McCook took his leave.

In the course of this day (Saturday) I mentioned to Mr. Burrell that there was considerable interest excited on the subject of this investigation; that some of these things were to me inexplicable, Mr. B. said that there were things that had come under his notice that convinced him that corrupt means would be employed. (A conversation is here related, in which Mr. Burrell advised that if anything of a corrupt nature should be offered, it would be best to let it go on and develop itself.) On Saturday morning I was sitting at my fire in my own room, smoking a cigar, Mr. McCook came into my room, drew a chair, and took a seat by me, the first word he said was, I have written for your father to come here, the remark struck me by surprise, and I told him he had done very wrong, that my father was a gentleman of 72 years, and very feeble, and could not make this journey at this season of year, and inquired, what do you want of my father? He said that he wished him here to help him in this Lehigh Bank business. I told him my father was unacquainted with legislation, and could be of no use to him, he replied, I have written to him, and have offered him three hundred dollars to come down here, and assist me in the investigation going on before your Committee, I said it was all nonsense to write to my father, that he did not know him, and he would think it very singular. He then inquired if I knew any one else, that he could employ. I told him I did not, that I did not think it was necessary for him to go to any expense of the kind, that as I had before stated, the Committee would treat the whole matter candidly and fairly, and that I did not believe any one could influence the action of the Committee. He stated that he wanted the report of the Committee in favor of the bank. That three of the Committee had agreed to report in favor of the bank, and that he would deposit \$500 with me, or with any person I could name, if I would vote for a report in favor of the bank in the Committee. I was very strongly excited, it had not appeared to me before that I was to be approached in that direct manner. I said very little, for it was difficult to conceal my emotion. I said to Mr. M'C. further, that I would think of it—He urged me, to name a friend with whom he could confer, I replied that I would think of it and probably said that I would see him again. McCook said he would see me on Monday night in my room. A few minutes after he went out I went to Judge Laporte's room asked him into my room and